

## A SUMMER MORNING.

BY MISS M. F. BUTTS.

The earth hath had her rest.  
The friendly, fragrant dark  
Hath brooded all the world,  
As if God's loving hand  
Had covered us, lest we  
Should faint from over-light.  
All tender little things  
Have nestled in sweet sleep;  
The babe on a soft breast,  
The birdling in its nest.  
Now gently stirs the Hand,  
And light breaks underneath.  
The earth is pale and still  
As one who waits awhile,  
In hushed uncertainty,  
The grand surprise of love.  
Now comes the King afar,  
And rosy country hasten  
Along the glowing east.  
The green robes of the earth  
Flutter in all their folds,  
And countless diamonds catch  
The colors of the dawn.  
To the sweet mystery  
Of tangled woodland depths  
Bright shafts of light gleam down,  
And touch the wild bird's wing,  
The dray in the fern.  
All living things awake;  
The trees are full of song;  
And in their cradle-nests  
The babies softly coo,  
And wonder at the light.

And sorrow wakens too,  
Sobbing at thought of day,  
With long hours full of pain—  
At thought of the fair earth  
That lies beneath her flowers  
Such weary waste of graves.  
Take hope, despairing heart;  
God's hand is over thee  
Perchance that thou mayst rest  
From joy's hot, dazzling light,  
And wake in some sweet dawn  
To blossom and to song.

## CATALOGY.

Respectfully inscribed to the Concord Congress.

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON, D. D.

I recently read an article from an English magazine, on the question, "Do animals understand human language?" and a large number of interesting and amusing illustrations were given in support of the affirmative of the query. Of course, all admit that while an old house dog, or

lamb, may be able to understand the significance of a few terms, and to come or go at command, they could be brought only by long and very careful training to understand and comprehend the Concord philosophy. The old worn-out house dog in England which left the premises on hearing his master say to a servant, "You must take him out and kill him," understood perfectly the meaning of "kill him," and thus, like a true Hellenist, inferred the deed from the thought.

An uncle of mine in York, Me., had a little son, Frank, who had, as a constant playmate for years, a fine Newfoundland dog. When the little boy was laid under the sod (Ah me! the family are all there now), the old dog lay down upon the little mound and refused to return with the mourners, wondering, no doubt, how they could leave the little darling there alone; he, at least, would wait and wait for his return. And so day by day he lay there, all efforts to coax him away being in vain. At last the sorrowing mother, fearing the poor dog would die of grief or starvation, went to the grave, and sitting down by the faithful friend began to talk to him of Frank. She told him that his little playmate was dead and gone far away, and that it was useless for him to wait for him; that he would return no more. "Now," she said, "you go home with me or you will die here." She then rose, and the grief-stricken, faithful friend followed her to the house and never again visited the grave. But he soon died himself of a broken heart. Now that dog certainly understood the meaning of certain words not often heard by him.

In three instances in my own life, our favorite house cat, when our goods were packed, and before we had left the house, forsook the premises and avoided us altogether. It is possible they had overheard some remark not very flattering to the churches to which we were to go, and concluded that it was better to "endure the ills we have, than fly to those we know not of." And this would agree with Schopenhauer, "that one is a fool to give up a present good for a future contingency." A sound sentiment that, and more fully elaborated in the lucid Concord thesis—which

read, and "when found, make note of."

But to my subject of catalog: Some three years ago, being, like the future lord mayor of London, Master Whittington, somewhat annoyed with rats and mice, and agreeing with the learned Dr. Sangrado that "an ounce of prevention is fully equal to a pound of cure," and with Epictetus "that the true philosophy is to take up the root of an evil," I procured a young feline. He was of an excellent pedigree, and hereditarily a sworn enemy to the entire rodent family. I kept him in my shop, and as he grew in size, he came to follow me about the garden as would a dog. I carefully opened to him, as his capacities developed, the whole circle of Wollastonian philosophy, and especially impressed upon his mind the fundamental principles of ethical morality. Thus he grew. He came at last to the rare ability of seeing the distinction between bacitria and gallinaeous organization—a point often obscure to many a philosophical homo. He also developed a rare sense of justice and inherent rights, and therefore respected the claim of the gallinaeous infants to roam at their own sweet will through the culinary preserves (as this will probably be read and form a basis of an interesting conversation in Concord, I should say that I mean by that phrase, a kitchen garden), while all other feathered bipeds had better keep their distance.

Time sped on, and the scholar improved in this school of progressive philosophy. (The reader will please bear in mind that we are in the town of Quincy, and the system of object teaching was rigidly carried out.) I often thought what a sensation would be created could I send my advanced pupil to Chautauqua! His manners were nearly perfect. He would stand by me at the dining table, and now and then rising erect, would gently lay his hand on my arm to suggest that a morsel would be thankfully received—which could never be refused.

Well, the time for setting hens had come, and it was duly improved, and a little brood of gallinaeous organizations appeared early in April. Soon as a sunny day arrived, I put them in the garden, in a sheltered spot, where they could watch for the early or late worm and be happy.

A few days passed, and one of the flock was missing; then another. Then I found one sick, and putting it in a box, set it on my work-bench in the sun. The cat was accustomed to lie in the shop, but I thought of no danger from that source; but, alas for feline frailty; the next time I went into the shop the chick was missing! "That cat!" said I. "Can it be that he has gone back on me and become a thief?" He soon came into the shop looking as innocent as all other rogues, and curled himself up in his accustomed nest. I would not be hasty, but made a farther search for the sick chick, and went out to count the brood over again. I thought of the two ambitious minstrels, as related by the old Latin poet, who proposed to engage in a musical contest, a lamb to be the prize. But one of them complains of the difficulty of procuring the forfeit, on this wise:—

"I have a step-dame too, a cursed she,  
Whom rules my hen-pecked sire and orders me.  
Once every day, she numbers o'er the dams,  
And twice she takes a tale of all the lams."

He therefore finds it impossible to purloin one without detection, so I as carefully "took a daily tale" of my little flock. Yes, three are missing! I went into the shop, fire in my eye and fury in my veins. "Tom," said I, "you have killed three of my chickens; now I am going to kill you. You have got a taste of poultry and there will be no more. You must die. I can keep them from the rats by night, but you take them by day. You must die! I cannot bear to shoot you, but I shall procure some chloroform and give you speedy quietus." He looked and listened, got up and went out. I went to Boston, and bought an ounce of the anesthetic, but when I returned Tom was missing. Now then I got sight of him, but he kept out of my way. This continued for three or four days. On the fourth morning, I think, I went out as usual to feed my poultry. As I opened the door leading into the yard where I had put my chicks for

safety, I saw three dead chickens lying in a heap close to the door. My first thought was that some marauder had been among the brood; but on opening the coop out came the full tale. I took up one of the dead ones and found it was much larger than the living chicks. Not a wound was upon either of them, and they lay close to each other, so that they were not thrown over the fence, which was surmounted by sharp pickets. No person could enter that enclosure without forcing a door or breaking the paling. I noticed no break, save that one of the pickets was pressed one side as though some small body had pushed through.

Here was a mystery! How came these dead chickens in that yard? What was more mysterious, Tom, the cat now reappeared, visiting the shop and house, purring around me and seeming to say, "Well, master, it is all square between us now. True, I killed three of your chickens, but I intended no wrong; I did not know that you had any chicks until you put them out in the garden, and I could not surely know that they were not rats or chipmunks until I had pounced upon them; and then the first one gave me a *chicko*-mania, and you bipeds hold that to be a good excuse for crime. But it is all over now. I have brought you three larger chickens than yours. True, they seemed not very lively when I left them, but were as much so as the one I took out of the box. Let us have peace." I could only say, "Poor old fellow, you are more human than I had supposed. Go and take care of the rats."

Now, some of my readers will say, "I don't believe a word of it—fancy and bosh!" Well, I can only say I am not responsible for your unbelief; but I have set forth the simple facts as they occurred, with a little fanciful touching up, perhaps, from having read the Concord lectures on the "differential conglomeration of the categories."

"Quorum ad arbitrium redeat."  
See also a notice in the *Christian Advocate* of Aug. 4, of a book "On the Cat," by Geo. Mivart.

## CHAUTAUQUA.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

Once more the returning summer-time has brought together the "old Chautauquans" and an ever-increasing multitude of new ones; once more the "Ark" wherein do congregate the professors and teachers, and concerning which are perpetrated jokes innumerable, has kindled a beacon of intellectual and spiritual life; once more the Amphitheatre, the Temple, the Hall, and multitudes of smaller meeting places, are packed with dense multitudes; and the cottage and hotel accommodations, enlarged as they have been this summer, are scarcely adequate to the demands made upon them. At first sight everything looks familiar, and one greets familiar landmarks as well as familiar faces with pleasure; but on closer inspection many changes are visible, many improvements have been made.

The programme is even fuller than that of last year, and thus far has quite fulfilled the expectations it excited. The missionary conference, as usual, preceded the S. S. Assembly, the addresses, conference, etc., being of the first order. Among the best of the former may be noted a sermon and an address delivered by Signor Alessandro Gavazzi, the eloquent, veteran ex-priest, who has done so much for both the civil and religious freedom of Italy. Dr. C. H. Fowler delivered four, on the philosophy, history, methods and results of missions. Rev. Dr. A. H. Burlingame, Rev. S. B. Barnitz, H. K. Carroll, esq., of the New York *Independent*, and Revs. Dr. Berger, J. B. Dales, and Dr. D. K. Flickenger were among the speakers. Nine missionary conferences were held, and the missionary anniversary was observed on Monday evening, Aug. 1.

Temperance day, Aug. 2, was a grand demonstration. Dr. H. K. Carroll, of Newburgh, lectured on "The Young Man in Chains"—a very forcible and instructive address; and Mrs. J. Ellen Foster made one of her most brilliant addresses, on her favorite topic of "Constitutional

Amendment;" and Mr. Eli Johnson, corresponding secretary of the N. Y. State Temperance Society, repeated the address so often given in England and Sweden on "What they drink and how they make it." A "temperance platform meeting," at which there were many speakers, among them Hon. W. C. J. Hall, Rev. J. H. Miller, and Ralph A. Hall, esq., followed.

The annual opening of the Assembly took place the same night, and was, to quote from the *Chautauqua Assembly Herald*, "the eighth and best, with the largest attendance and most brilliant exercises ever seen at Chautauqua." As usual, there were a number of short, brilliant speeches of welcome, reminiscence, etc., and a grand display of fireworks, illuminated fountain, etc. The chief speakers were Rev. J. L. Hurlburt of Plainfield, N. J., Rev. J. W. Hamilton, of Boston, Rev. Dr. C. H. Fowler, Prof. Barbour of Kentucky, Prof. Chappell of Georgia, Rev. Dr. Goodell of St. Louis, Mo., Rev. Dr. M. M. Parkhurst, of Chicago, Ill., Prof. W. F. Sherwin, of Cincinnati, and Rev. Dr. Vincent.

After this, matters fell into their usual routine, and up to this date (Aug. 9) have pretty faithfully followed the full programme. The "early" and "morning" lectures have been as follows: "The Pastor," Rev. D. A. Goodsell, D. D., New Haven; "The Study of Art—its Sources and Attractions," Prof. J. L. Corning (Prof. C. is also giving a series of evening lectures, illustrated by stereopticon representations, on special art departments which are very popular); "The Idea and the Ideal of Christian Journalism," Rev. Simeon Draper, of the *Chicago Advance*; "Matter and Vitality," Rev. H. H. Moore; "Sunday Laws, Past and Present," Rev. A. H. Lewis; "The Irrepressible Power of Christianity," Samuel Sprecher, L. L. D.; and "The Bible and the Assyrian Monument," Wm. Hayes Ward, D. D., of the N. Y. *Independent*. All were solid, instructive lectures, and were listened to with a good degree of attention. Of a lighter nature have been "Fits and Misfits," by Rev. J. W. Hamilton of Boston; "American Character in Fiction," Nathan Shepard of New York; "A Sunday-school in the U. S. Congress," F. Beard, esq.; "The Man of To-day in the School of To-morrow;" two lectures on elocution accompanied by readings, by Prof. Churchill of Andover; and a story read by Rev. Edward Everett Hale of Boston.

On Saturday, Aug. 6, a grand reception was given to the army chaplains and Christian Commission. The opening address, after which a letter of regret for absence was read from Geo. H. Stuart, esq., Philadelphia; and Dr. Vincent, Rev. S. B. Barnitz, M. B. Dewitt (Tenn.), Rev. L. M. Wood (Ohio), Mr. Knowles, Dr. Martin, Rev. Mr. Stedman, W. H. Rogers (Dundee, N. Y.), Mr. Crowell, and Rev. S. M. Eaton, D. D. (Franklin, Penn.), followed. At 4 p. m. of the same day the third anniversary services of the C. L. S. C. were held, the chief address being delivered by Nathan Shepard, esq., on "Carlyle." Letters of regret were also read from Rev. J. G. Holland and Joseph Cook. The Jubilee Singers, who are here in full force, closed this gala-day with a grand concert.

Sunday, the first of these quiet Sabbaths, was peaceful and beautiful. Besides two services, at one of which the African Bishop Campbell preached, there was a touching memorial service in the Amphitheatre presided over by Dr. Vincent, in honor of Rev. W. H. Perrine, D. D., Wm. O. Simpson of England, Prof. S. H. Vail, teacher of Hebrew here last summer, and Bishop E. O. Haven. Carefully-written papers were presented by Revs. J. H. Knowles, C. P. Hurd, Mr. Hamilton, and J. M. Hurlburt. The rostrum was tastefully draped in mourning, and on it were placed impromptu portraits executed from remembrance by Prof. Frank Beard.

Many times when the soul is in deep waters it is Jesus who has brought it there, and has gone down with it into the dark sea, just to teach the lesson of clinging to Him. How quickly the thought comes home in such straits, "To whom else shall we go?" The vanity of human helpers is seen in such hours, as it never can be in the days of smooth, rolling prosperity.

## THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.

BY REV. D. A. WHEEDON, D. D.

That the revised edition of our English New Testament should encounter severe criticism was to have been anticipated, while it has been by all classes so eagerly looked for and heartily welcomed. It speaks well for the popular interest in it that the New York *Herald* and the Chicago *Tribune* should so promptly have seized it for issue in their columns.

It has been known that a large body of competent scholars of England and America, of various denominations, have been at work upon it for ten years. The very causes that produced the conviction of the necessity of revision and led to the undertaking of it, have during these ten years contributed to a widely increased study of the critical Greek texts of such editors as Tischendorf, Alford, and Tregelles, and the body of American scholars have had conceptions more or less clear and definite of what the outcome should be. They know the defects of the King James' version, and they are prepared to sharply inquire after their retention or removal, and also after any mistakes that the revisers may have made. We are glad it is so. We prefer the most searching criticism, even though it may sometimes approach the dogmatic, to the stagnation of a blind, uninquiring reception. We can even consent that the harmless joke of an Episcopal bishop, who remarked that the revisers knew Greek but seem to have been unfamiliar with English, should pass for a settled critical opinion.

The question of the acceptance of the Revision is not one of taste. The English reader may so judge it and declare his dislike of certain readings; but he makes a mistake. Nor is it a question of association. We have become so familiar with certain ideas as connected with given texts that the new reading may in some passages be at first difficult to be understood, and so may strike us unpleasantly. Passages which have been familiarly cited in proof of a favorite doctrine, may in their form be found utterly inapplicable, or proving the opposite, as the "out of the water" in Matt. iii: 16 becomes "from the water." Nor have we any sympathy with the disposition in some quarters, very limited indeed, to hesitate about accepting the revision because two or three gentlemen of the Liberal school have promptly pronounced in its favor. We are rather surprised that Mr. Hale and Mr. Collyer should put so weighty an emphasis on the omission of the text of the "heavenly witnesses" in 1 John 5: 8, and the substitution of "who" for "God" in 1 Tim. 3: 16. The former has crept into the text of Erasmus because in a moment of testiness he promised to print it if a single Greek MS. could be found containing it; and when one was found, though not an ancient one, he kept his word. The passage having once got in, was perpetuated in our common version; but no Trinitarian, informed of the facts, has in the last forty years quoted as a proof text. Moreover, the most strenuous advocates of the use of "who" for "God" in the latter, have been firm believers in the God-head of Christ. Both doctrines are unharmed. And, indeed, no doctrine that the Church has held is damaged by the Revision, nor is any important fact lost. If some proof texts are lost, new ones are gained.

But, suppose some doctrine were harmed? Suppose some fact were lost? What then? Would it not be a grievous burden to read and teach for truth what has no authority in the Scriptures? The real question is this: What did the evangelists and apostles write? This is purely a question of scholarship, to which, for two hundred years, such men as Bentley, Mill, Wetstein, Griesbach, Lachmann, Tregelles, and Tischendorf have been endeavoring to solve. The first task of our revisers was to reconstruct the Greek text, setting forth as accurately as possible the exact words put on record by the sacred writers. This must be done in accordance with the evidence furnished by the oldest Greek manuscripts of the New Testament, the early translations into the Syriac, Latin and other languages, and the quotations found in the writings of the Christian Fathers. The result is a corrected text in which there are but few words—hardly more than a dozen—upon which scholars are not pretty well agreed. The discovery of more ancient manuscripts than the Sinaitic and Vatican might aid in the settlement of these words. It could not do much more. Nor is any such discovery probable, for the persecuting emperors took particular care to effect the destruction of the Christian Scriptures, making their possession a punishable offense.

This corrected and proven Greek text necessitates some new English readings. For instance, "Blessed are they that do His commandments," in Rev. 22: 14, becomes "Blessed are they that wash their robes," which more closely connects our eternal salvation with the cleansing blood of the cross. "The fruit of the Spirit," in Eph. 5: 9, becomes "The fruit of the light," which supplies a beautiful and intelligible reason for the exhortation that precedes. Other instances might readily be given. The question whether the Greek text

adequately sets forth what the apostles and evangelists wrote, we consider fairly settled in the affirmative. A second question remains, namely, whether the new Revision adequately sets that text forth in English. This, too, like the other, is a question of scholarship. One who would settle it for himself cannot do it by comparing the new with the old. That would show him the differences simply. He must do it with the Greek text in his hand, comparing line by line and word by word. There are those who are doing this. They may be few; but, in that case, the judgment of the few will control the judgment of the many.

We believe that, whatever defects may be alleged, the new Revision more perfectly represents the mind of the Holy Spirit than the old one—for the authorized version is itself a revision. And that is just what we want—the words of our Lord uttered, and the words His apostles wrote. We have a feeling of loss in the omission in Matthew of the doxology in the Lord's prayer; but we have a greater feeling of gain in getting more accurately just what our Lord said. We are not careful to inquire how new renderings affect denominational theories; give us the exact word, wherever it may lead us. We would hold and teach no doctrine which is not sustained by the word of God. Nevertheless, we note, in passing, that certain words, Calvinistically translated, as Methodists have always affirmed, have now their proper rendering. Methodists have no ground for complaint on this score.

We do think, however, that our revisers, while they have done well, might have done better. They have needlessly retained archaic forms and obsolete words which in writer of good English would now dream of employing; while, on the other hand, abandoning their conservative principles, they have gone to the extreme of innovation in new translation where the Greek is unchanged. These, however, are blemishes that can be easily borne. We unhesitatingly agree with most of the suggestions of the American Committee. They are, as a rule, scholarly, correct, and sensible, and should have received a more general acceptance.

We will not prophesy the final outcome. The work will be carefully studied. Public sentiment will gradually crystallize into a permanent form; and we shall not be surprised if the final dispassionate judgment of the American churches will accept the Revision, with some important emendations embodying more or less of the readings proposed by the American Committee.

## Among our Reviews.

THE RISE OF METHODISM.

We take the following selections from an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, on "Methodism."

Methodism arose in the darkest days of the Reformed Church of England and in the most dismal of English Dissent. At the head of the movement were Whitefield and Wesley. The former broke through all trammels and brought the tidings of the Christian faith to the Kingswood miners and similar men by means of field preaching. His passionate ardor took their hearts by storm, and when he found himself unequal to the demands created by his own success he called John Wesley to his aid. At first sight this seemed an unhappy choice. Wesley was a scholar and a gentleman, logical and incisive in his thing he touched, and that not through egotism, but through the force of his own convictions. As a fellow of his college he left nothing to be desired, but it was another thing to confront unwarmed colliers. But from the moment he faced those eager crowds his soul awoke, ecclesiastical prejudices melted, the man overpowered the priest, and the master of the movement was left to have come upon the field. One gift he had, and no one shared it with him—he was a born administrator of spiritual forces. Whitefield's power ceased when his glowing periods were ended; Wesley's followers boast that twenty millions of people call him their "father in the faith," and that through a vulgar admiration to found a spiritual despotism, but through the constraint of a nature which impelled him, as it does the bee, to store treasure only in symmetrical forms.

METHODISM AND DISSENT.

The line of demarcation between Dissent and Methodism has been well defined from the beginning. Methodism sprang from a sense of personal guilt before God; Dissent arose from the conviction that Episcopacy was wrong. The quarrel of the former was with irreligion, of the latter with prelacy. Dissent discussed theories of Church government as though the salvation of the world depended upon the adoption of some particular scheme. Methodists declared that their prime purpose was "to reform the nation, more particularly the Church, and to spread Scriptural holiness over the land." "Dissenters," said Wesley, "begin everywhere by showing their hearers how fallen the Church and ministers are; we begin everywhere by showing our hearers how fallen they are themselves." Dissent magnified the congregation and made it honorable; Methodism originated the "United Societies" which were to have close connection with one another, and always act in union. Dissent boldly separated from the Church; the Methodist leaders declared that they "pleaded the bishops in all things indifferent, and observed the canons as far as they could with safe conscience." Their separation was gradual; it continued through many years, it was accompanied with fond regrets, and it has tinged, though with gradually fading tints, the intercourse of the Church and Methodism.

THE LOVE-FEAST.

Grace is said before meat and thanks are returned, but the members find themselves at a Barbecue banquet. The meat consists of buns and water which is to be drunk out of huge cups passed from hand to hand. After

this grotesque formality has been observed, the love-feast becomes a kind of gigantic catechism under the direction of a minister. Many features lingered here of olden times after they had died out elsewhere. The Methodist women who wore the half-Quaker costume so dear to Wesley still haunted these assemblies; and a chance attendant in Cornwall or certain parts of the north of England might yet meet many men who would pass muster for models to the illustrations for Bunyan's most popular work. In such a meeting the excitement of the more impressive portions of the audience, the racy wit of the speakers, the appreciation of their points shown by pious ejaculations, the narration of the conflicts with the temptations of the world, the relation of a dream to the evident discomfort of the presiding preacher, the old-world-tinted surging up spontaneously from different parts of the crowd, the unexpectedness of some picturesque phrase, the shrewd utterance of some clever business man, the evident terror of the elders, the half-amused wonder of the new converts, the humor, the pathos, the Puritanism, the mysticism, the quality piety—form a whole not easily forgotten when once witnessed, and defying analysis whenever it may be recalled.

## A FISHERMAN'S FAITH.

He had heard the story a thousand times; And yet as he heard it, his heart was torn. A light flashed into his inmost soul And carried its doubt away. "The Man of Sorrows had come to the earth For love of the sons of man; That the weary and heavy-laden ones Might go home to God again."

So the speaker said, and that faith could claim A blessing of peace and rest. From the finished work of the Christ of God.

However by sin oppress; And how the burden of sin was loosed By the might of a trustful prayer, And how the poorest and weakest ones Could have Jesus everywhere.

"Is it all for me? Can it be for me?" Whispered the man in the gloom of the night. And—was it the crimson sunset light That glowed on his sea-worn face? He bent his head and his heart went forth In a softly spoken word.

"Jesus, my Saviour, I come to Thee," And the gracious Master heard. The man went home from the Bethel-house, Filled with a glad surprise, And the lowly things of his home that day Were beautiful in his eyes. He kissed his wife and his boys and girls, With a strange new tenderness; And he told them all in his simple words How greatly the Lord could bless.

"For me in the days to come, I live But to serve the King I love. I will do my work as one who shall see His face in the heaven above. And the silver waves of the summer morn, Shall strike his heart as the storm-tossed sea, And temples of praise be good."

He went to his rest that night in peace, And his faith was true and strong; The gray dawn, bringing the Monday's toil Awoke his heart to his simple song. And then to the harvest-fields of the sea The fisherman went forth, And he did not fear what the day should bring, Though the breeze sprang up in the north.

"It is all for me, He is all for me," So sang he in joyous strain, Though the waves grew rough—but the fisherman Would never tetch land again! His comrades wondered at his calm face, When a dangerous task must be done. He was foremost to fight with the winds and waves, And his was a victory won.

"And what of the wife and the children now? God will take care of them," he said. And a sudden pang made him loose his hold. And the fisher dropped his head. What was it? A lightning flash? A call? Oh, none will ever know How the summons swift was sent to him— But the man was glad to go.

And what of the widow and fatherless? And what of the flock's faith? God's gifts, like the manna, fall on them: After the father's death; And wealth, and friends, and praise were theirs. And usefulness and fame, And our land is the richer to-day for those Who are called by the Master's name."

MARIANNE FARRINGTON, in the *Christian World*.

## From our Exchanges.

CHURCH DRUMMER BOYS.

The church has its drummer boys; they are the young members; and when an attack is needed on a post of the enemy, if the drummer boys will make the advance, the sound of their drums will be likely to bring old veterans to their support, and the post be assaulted and taken. A few years ago in one of our New England cities two of the drummer boys of a church went out to a destitute district, a mile or two from their home church, and there planted the standard of truth, starting a little Sunday-school in a poor woman's kitchen. Directly it outgrew the kitchen and was removed to a barn; others of the church came as teachers; ere long the barn was not large enough; and, following the lead of the drummer boys, members of the church built a chapel, established and sustained preaching, souls were converted, the church was formed, and the result is now a prosperous and self-sustaining church.—*Christian Union*.

THE LATE BISHOP HAVEN.

As a man Bishop Haven was exceptionally noble and transparently honest. We have had no acquaintance to whom the Psalmist's answer to the question, "Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?" could be more justly applied. During many years of intercourse, under circumstances peculiarly calculated to test the patience and the charity of men, we have never heard him backbite with his tongue, nor do evil to his neighbor, nor take up a reproach against his neighbor. He was one of the very few men of our acquaintance whose language was ever chaste and to whose lips the vulgar and the indelicate allusion never over a stranger. Few persons came into his intimate companionship that were not impressed with the delicacy and purity of his mind, and who did not have begotten in them some new resolution to walk more uprightly and guard more carefully the "gates of their words." In his associations he was generous, kindly, helpful and encouraging; seldom dwelling upon the follies or the shortcomings of others, but rather seeking for and emphasizing their virtues and their excellencies.—*Northern Christian Advocate*.















— bearing upon

The lawn party was held on the church grounds, which were illuminated by China

The Portland district camp-meeting at Orchard, under the care of the presiding elder, Rev. C. J. Clark, opened, Aug. 8, continued through the week with increa-

Old  
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and  
sing

Rev. W. E. Bennett, of Greenland, has been selected to view a western trip in September. The

very marked character, and of persons must exert great influence for good are faithful. Quite a number of persons advanced in life were brought into the liberty of the gospel as they bowed

Mr. Herbert F. Miller to Miss Nettie S. Taft of Newton.

In Leeds, Me., Aug. 17, by Rev. O. S. T. Mr. Algene F. Tinkham, of Augusta, to Miss M. Brewster, of Leeds, Me.

In West Boylston, Aug. 20, by Rev. G. M. George M. Bowers, of Clinton, to Nellie C. West Boylston.

ney, both  
Pillsbury,  
as Jennie  
d. Smiley,  
J. Beane.

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## The Family.

### CAMP-MEETING HYMN.

BY MRS. A. N. STOW.

TUNE—"Hold the Fort."

To the woody, verdant temple,  
Built by hands unseen—  
Lord, behold Thy children hasten,  
On Thy strength they lean.

Chorus.  
Come, Almighty, to deliver;  
Break the tempter's power;  
Shed abroad a mighty blessing  
In this sacred hour.

Come to saint and come to sinner  
While to Thee we cry,  
Snap the bands of sin asunder;  
Bless us or we die.

Chorus.  
Bid a Pentecostal shower  
Cherish waiting soul,  
Glory, like a surging current  
On th' assembly roll.

Chorus.  
Then, from heart and tongue triumphant  
Sweetest praise shall spring,  
While the arches of high heaven  
With the anthem ring.

### WORTHLEY BROOK SKETCHES.

BY REV. D. F. TEEFT, D. D.

TWELFTH PAPER.

Some of the literary and scientific gentlemen heretofore mentioned were connected to this small parish only by the ties of marriage and close friendship. The one next in order—that is, the oldest of them all—was born here; and here also he obtained the rudiments of his subsequently finished education. Yonder, in the little school-house then standing on the hill, next to the rural graveyard, he entered into the outer vestibule of the great temple of human knowledge, where he has for so many years been a master. Less than half a mile up this road to our left, which winds its devious way through the meadows and up to the summit of yonder swell of the landscape, still stands the very house in which he first saw the light of earth. All the aged people of the neighborhood yet remember him in his later boyhood, though few, if any, are old enough to recall his image in his earliest years. But by his occasional visits to the charmed scenes of his happy childhood, the distinguished man, Professor Nathaniel Dunn, has made his face familiar and his name a household word with the present generation.

We have now to do, therefore, with a fine scholar, a man of almost universal scientific knowledge, a learned professor of several literary institutions, a thorough gentleman of the old school, and a writer and poet of no mean pretensions; and that which puts the crown of glory on his now aged brow is his character, never for once sullied of its original lustre, as a sincere, devout, genuine Christian. Professor Dunn, in fact, is a most remarkable man; his life is worthy of a liberal record; and we take great satisfaction in giving even a brief summary of the career of a personage so distinguished, though it pains us that our plan will admit of nothing beyond a summary.

Nathaniel Dunn was named for his father; and his mother was Miss Sarah Pulsifer, sister to Solomon Pulsifer of this parish. On the one side, therefore, he inherited thought, on the other language; for the Pulsifers have always been noted for their gift of conversation, the Dunns for the profounder gift of thinking, and yet, some of the Pulsifers have been men of sound reflection, while more than one of the Dunns has been famous as very eloquent talkers. Both families, in fact, have long been known for their intellectual qualities; and the boy, Nathaniel Dunn, began life with a good intellectual capital.

His boyhood is remembered here as being marked by sprightliness, studiousness, ambition to excel, and a readiness to attempt anything open to his inborn spirit of enterprise. He always had some scheme on hand; but the schemes were generally of an intellectual character. From the start, his scholarship was excellent; and before he had reached his seventeenth year, it was difficult to find a master that could teach him anything. He soon afterwards outgrew the district school altogether, and then, without knowing what he was doing he went on fitting himself for college. In 1821 he entered Bowdoin; and there he took first rank in a class of very distinguished students. We believe that Mr. Longfellow, the great American poet, was one of them. The two were certainly in college at the same time; and there, too, were the two Caldwelles, Franklin Pierce and Dr. Larrabee.

The mention of Dr. Larrabee's name, in this connection, recalls a fact suggestive of a whole line of events, which have since affected the lives and fortunes of nearly all the personages included in these sketches. It was by Mr. Dunn's recommenda-

tion that Mr. Larrabee came here, while himself a Bowdoin student, to teach the winter school in this country district. It was thus that Mr. Larrabee became acquainted with the Dunns and Cushmanes; it was thus that he found his wife in the person of Miss Harriet Dunn; it was through this couple that all the subsequent connections with the two families of the Dunns and Cushmanes—Bragdon, Vail, Titus, Tefft—took place; and it was by this simple recommendation, so little thought of at the moment, that thousands of other important things have happened, covering the movements of countless numbers in this country, in all the States and territories of this government, and running over into other countries. How often it is, in fact, that we can trace whole histories to some inconsiderable beginning; but it is seldom that a better example of the principle occurs in private life; and could the whole story, or rather all the stories herewith connected, be completely written out and displayed to the mind of the philosophic reader, it would be a lesson exceedingly comprehensive and perhaps surprising. But we can only suggest the topic and then drop it.

Mr. Dunn graduated in the class of 1823, and soon afterwards became instructor in chemistry and natural philosophy in Wilbraham Academy, Massachusetts. After a most successful career at Wilbraham, he went next to Hempstead Seminary, Long Island, where he acquired still larger reputation as manager, or what is usually styled in this country, principal. We once there visited him, witnessing his success in this difficult capacity. From Hempstead he went over into New York city, accepting the position of lecturer in Rutgers Female College, in that great metropolis; and then, after many years of profitable and happy labor, he undertook the wider task of delivering scientific lectures throughout the country.

Such is the record of his public life; and the reader should remember that so marked an outline must be filled in by the most careful reflection on the amount of intellectual labor required and demanded by a career capable of so brief a statement. But we have now another phase of this large career to mention: It was during this period of public lecturing, which called him to make extensive tours through the several States, that an idea struck him of taking in hand his last, if not his best, intellectual work. We refer to his remarkable epic poem known in the literary world as "Satan Chained."

This leading and yet concluding literary effort of his life is not referred to with the purpose of giving to it a review. Such an undertaking would not be consistent with our limits. It has been reviewed, in fact, by other persons, who have freely given their opinion of its merits. One reviewer calls it "a grand poem." Another exclaims: "Magnificent poem!" Still another hails it as "an admirably executed epic." A gentleman known as himself a poet, writes: "It is a masterpiece production. Passages in it are unsurpassed in the English language." "Fully up to Milton's Paradise Lost, and more readable," exclaims another critic. The *Methodist Quarterly* more soberly remarks: "We cannot say the writer equals Milton; but we can conscientiously say that he is scarce inferior to Pollok."

These are but specimens of the eulogies pronounced by the general public on this production. Everything we have seen in relation to it has been in terms of highest praise. To be thought of in comparison with Milton is fame; and even to be mentioned as a competitor with Pollok is a very great reward for a life-time of literary effort. We shall venture but little opinion of our own. It will be a more grateful labor to give the reader a general description of the work.

In the manner of all modern epics, "Satan Chained" consists of twelve books. But the books are of very unequal lengths. The first, for example, covers one hundred and four pages, while the ninth is contained in six; and yet each book is occupied with a separate action. A critic would perhaps find fault with this uneven distribution of the matter of the poem. He might also say that Satan's address to the great council of devils, in the first book, is too lengthy for the best effect; he might also boast of finding many lines in it differing but little from prose, either in sentiment or language; and the same objection might by the same hand be stoutly urged against whole passages in all the other books. The author's habit of ending so many lines with such small words as "and" and "of" is such as to render his style of composition obnoxious to some sharp reproof. A more ignorant

criticism might also complain of the whole poem as too close and evident an imitation of Milton's Paradise Lost; yet the plan of the work is very different from that of Milton, and the execution differs still more largely from that of the great English author. In fact, we should never for one moment think of putting them in comparison. To compare the two poets is to do them both injustice. Both in matter and manner, in thought and style, in conception and in execution, they are as wide apart as earth and heaven. "Satan Chained" has merits of its own; and neither of the bards deserves the punishment of being named together.

The poem opens with a grand council of devils, held on a vast plain in the lower regions, where Satan relates what he has heard about the creation of the world and man, with the establishment of the Jewish Church under Abraham; and proposes to draw off from God the allegiance of the faithful by spreading corruption among the Jewish priesthood. Then comes the rebellion of Korah, in which Satan gets a sore defeat. He is next seen in hell, relating his sad discomfiture, with a description of his remorse and hate. Next the Jewish Church is established in Canaan; and the action goes on to the birth of Christ. The preaching of Jesus forms the topic of the fifth book. Satan now becomes unpopular in his own kingdom; a rebellion takes place in hell; and this is followed by a general peace. The seventh book is a display of the work and happiness of heaven; and then, in the eighth, succeeds a poetic history of the apostolic days, followed by the annals of the cross down to the blackest period of the Middle Ages. Next follow the battles of Christianity till the downfall of Popery; and the rise and fall of slavery constitute the subject-matter of the tenth book. Then comes a sudden exaltation of the poem over a space of ten thousand years, landing the reader far out beyond all history into the regions presumed to be prefigured by that divine prophecy known as the Book of Revelation; and the epic closes, in the twelfth book, with the expedition of the archangel, Michael, into the lower regions, where, after fierce fighting and many terrible battles, the devils and lost spirits are defeated, and Satan is captured and chained:—

"Yes! chained forever on that lonely rock;  
In hell's dread ocean shall he waste his years,  
And feel the heat upon his naked soul  
Of her tempestuous and eternal waves!"

These few words will give a general idea of this remarkable production. The copy we have before us is of the second edition. How many more are to come, no man can tell. The poem has been read by thousands of our people; and it is likely to be perused by many thousands, perhaps millions, more. And there are passages in it worthy of this general attention. Here is one, at the opening of the first book:—

"Among the Alps of Hell,  
Whose peaks shoot up and pierce and scorch  
The clouds, there is a table-land. This plain,  
Of wide expanse, is high uplift above  
The level of surrounding lands. And here,  
On jutting angle, worn with ceaseless care,  
Sat Satan, Hell's great king. Behind him  
stretched  
Immense this wide plateau; and on his left,  
Far down the craggy cliffs beneath him, lay  
The Stygian lake, whose darkling face was spread  
Beyond the reach of keenest vision, and  
Whose billows, hushed and dreadful as from  
storms  
Remote, rolled suller on the shattered beach,  
And belched ominous through rocks and caves."

We have no space, however, for illustrative quotations. Our readers must be referred to the book itself for specimens of its thought and style. One thing, and only one, will we venture on in this connection. It is a proof of an unusual degree of intellect, of enterprise, of persistent labor, to have conceived, and begun, and finished such a work as "Satan Chained." Think of the man's beginning. Think of his early home—the son of a common farmer, in a farmer's household. Think of his surroundings, among an agricultural population. Think of his long course of study, begun by his own enterprise and sustained by his unaided energy, and then of his many years devoted to the drudgery of teaching. Think, then, of such a boy and man, after such a beginning and such day labor, starting out in his old age, when he was near to seventy, the appointed boundary of human life, to work up such a grand conception. Think of his sticking to this conception, to the execution of this labor, amidst the ordinary drawbacks attending such concluding period of existence, for ten long years, when he again put himself successfully to the task of carrying it through the press. Think of all his care, and anxiety and toil in correcting for a second and improved edition. Look over and estimate all these circumstances, and

you will not fail to give due honor to the aged and triumphant author of this production.

Whatever, however, may be the opinion of the readers of this poem—whatever may be thought, by the world at large, of its venerable author—we of this country parish will continue to cherish his memory with a peculiar relish. He was a boy here among us. Here we know, respect and love him. The little parish of his boyhood respects his name with admiration; and the good people of it will ever be willing to recognize him, whatever other men may think, as the one native bard of Worthley.

### TRUST.

I cannot see with my small human sight  
Why God should lead this way or that for me;  
I only know He saith, "Child, follow Me,"  
But I can trust.

I know not why my path should be at times  
So straitly hedged, so strangely barred before;  
I only know God could keep wide the door,  
But I can trust.

I find no answer, often, when beset  
With questions fierce and subtle on my way,  
And often have but strength to faintly pray,  
But I can trust.

I often wonder, as with trembling hand,  
I cast the seed along the furrowed ground;  
If ripened fruit for God will be found;  
But I can trust.

I can not know why suddenly the storm  
Should rage so fiercely round me in its wrath;  
But this I know, God watches all my path,  
And I can trust.

I may not draw aside the mystic veil  
That hides the unknown future from my sight;  
Nor know if for me waits the dark or light;  
But I can trust.

I have no power to look across the tide,  
To know, while here, the land across the river;  
But this I know, I shall be God's forever;  
So I can trust.

### NATE HOBSON.

BY ELEANOR S. DEANE.

"Mother, will you mend my jacket and pants for me before Saturday? I want 'em to look real nice."

"What, them old clo'es, Nate? How can I make 'em nice? They're too old to be mended. Besides, what's up now that you must be so fine?"

"You know I can't be fine, mother. Anyway; but Edward Kean has asked me to go with him to a temperance meeting for boys and girls."

"He must have meant it for a joke, Nathan. No Kean boy would want to go anywhere with you."

"He wasn't joking, mother. He isn't too big to speak to a fellow; and I know he was in earnest, for he said his mother told him to ask me and all the other boys he saw, and I can't go with decent fellows with my sleeve coming out and my knees all torn."

"I dunno what I can do with 'em. I haven't anything to mend 'em with."

"O, do sew them up somehow, mother. Ed says there'll be fun; stories and songs, and I don't know what else. I wish I could go."

"Well, well! run away and I'll see."

Poor Nate! He had not much that could be called comfort. His home was not worthy of the name. Nothing in the house was clean; no place in it was ever cleared away. There was no tidiness anywhere. Nothing was whole. No food was well cooked; no meal was served at any regular hour. His mother, Mrs. Lucy Hobson, was a large, strong, healthy woman; well-looking too, if she had been clean; and of good understanding. She could have worked at washing, ironing or scrubbing five hours every day in the week but Sunday, and been the better for it; but she was woefully lazy. She hated to bestir herself. She preferred rags and dirt and unwholesome food to labor.

Her husband was a slender man, in poor health, with no settled occupation, but a good man at odd jobs, which he seldom had to look for when he was able to perform them. His earnings paid the rent of their poor tenement, and furnished the materials for their miserable meals; and he sometimes got a second-hand suit of clothes for a few days' job of work. He was a quiet man, not fault-finding or naturally inclined to drink, though he seldom refused an offered glass. He would have been a contented keeper-at-home if there had ever been a decent place to stay in. So it appeared that Lucy Hobson had no excuse for keeping the dirtiest house and the most ragged boy and girl that could anywhere be found. She might, with the means furnished by her husband, have made a pleasant home for her family, but it required exertion on her part and she could not bear to exert herself.

Lucy Hobson liked to leave the house and the children to take care of themselves, and go abroad. Not that she had a taste for the lowest people by any means. She had somehow been admitted to Mrs. Kean's kitchen, and she would sit there a couple of hours in the forenoon and see that excellent woman employing herself in her household affairs, cooking the family dinner, or doing the week's ironing, or mending the stockings for her boys; and she had no objection to carrying away a pair of soap, or half a loaf of bread, or a pie, which Mrs. Kean, out of pity to the neglected husband and children would often give her; and she depended on having the half-worn clothing of the boys for her Nathan. It saved her the trouble of planning, as well as of making and mending.

It was only natural that Lucy Hobson should pay Mrs. Kean a visit in her kitchen the morning after Nathan's unusual request, to see what luck would do for her. Not that she meant to ask for anything—O, no! Mrs. Kean did not wait for her to do that.

"We have a new minister at our church, Lucy," said Mrs. Kean. "He's

a fine young man, who takes great interest in children. He wants them all to be temperance boys and girls; so he has asked them to a meeting in the school-house Saturday, and you must let your boy go. He can come here and go with Edward."

"Law's sake, Miss Kean, you couldn't let your son be seen going with that dirty, ragged brat o' mine; he'd be ashamed of such company."

"But why don't you mend his clothes, Lucy, and make him clean? He'd be a nice looking boy if you took pains with him."

"O dear, I never was any hand with a needle, and where should I get patches and thread? and last time I looked for my needle I couldn't find it, and I expect it's lost."

"I'll give you some pieces to put under the rents in Nathan's pants; and the jacket I saw him wear yesterday wanted to have the sleeve sewed in; and the brim of his hat could be made quite neat by a few stitches. Now, Lucy, do your best for the boy this afternoon, and send him here after dinner to-morrow. Take this piece of veal pie and you'll just be in time to get your husband's dinner."

Thus dismissed, Mrs. Hobson took the pie and the roll of pieces, really hoping that Mrs. Kean had not thought to put in needle and thread; and stopping only once or twice on her way, got home at about noon. Her daughter, Molly, made a fire and put on some potatoes to boil, for her father had come in for his dinner, and had put on the table a plate of broken bread and a few dishes, doing the best she knew. The part of a veal pie Kean had contributed was a pleasant addition to such a meal; and thanks to his father, a small portion of it was saved for Nate, who appeared just as Hobson set off again to his work.

Mrs. Hobson made a comfortable dinner, eating with a good appetite; then, shoving back her chair she prepared for work.

"Take off your jacket now, Nate, and let me look at it," said she, as she rolled the pieces; and finding two needles and thread of several colors, she continued, "and Molly, you take his hat and see if you can't sew it together."

"Shan't I wash the dishes first, mother?" asked Molly. "No, we won't mind the dishes; we can eat off the same to-night; 'twon't hurt us."

Indeed that was no uncommon thing in the household and created no surprise.

Nate was interested in the work of reforming his attire, and sat on a broken stool watching the operation as it went on, however awkwardly, and making an occasional suggestion.

"I don't think but what you could mend this yourself," said his mother, "while I try to do something with your pants. I was in hopes Miss Kean would have given me a pair of Edward's; that would have saved a heap of trouble. Now you go and put on that other pair. It's a wonder I hadn't thrown 'em away."

Away went Nathan, and soon reappeared in a pair of tattered pants, bringing the ones to be mended to his mother.

Mrs. Hobson had truly said that she was "no hand with a needle," and she made a wretched piece of work adjusting the pieces; but she did gather the corners of cloth together, and cover the rents, though in an untidy fashion; and then she plunged them and the jacket into a tub of water, and giving them a not too careful scrub, hung them out to dry.

"Mrs. Kean said you must clean up, Nate," said Mrs. Hobson the next day, "so you had better go to the river and wash. Here's soap and you may take the towel that hangs there."

"That's awful dirty, mother," said Nate.

"O, don't be too particular, Nate."

So the boy sped away to the river, and really did his best with the means provided.

The ironing Mrs. Hobson bestowed on Nathan's pants and jacket was quite suited to the washing and mending they had received; and after all the boy was more presentable than might have been expected. Mrs. Kean added only a white collar and a pocket handkerchief, and the boys went off together.

Between thirty and forty boys and girls were at the meeting in the school-house; and Mr. Blackstone, the young minister, talked with them so familiarly and pleasantly that they could not help believing that he loved them; and the poor boys who had no shoes to their feet were just as sure of it as the others. More than that, he convinced them that the Heavenly Father loved them whether rich or poor; and that the Lord Jesus Christ died for them all that their sins might be forgiven, and that they might become good and true and loving, every one of them.

Then he talked to them about rum-drinking—of the harm it did to the bodies and souls of those who practice it; of the misery it brought into families, the crimes, the sicknesses, the sorrows. Did they wish to become drunkards? Would they ever be found lying in gutters, or dragged to watch-houses and prisons? Would they like to be perfectly sure that should not happen to them? Then they must never drink a drop of intoxicating drink.

Some of the children there had fathers who drank rum. One little girl had seen her grown-up brother brought home drunk. Nathan Hobson lived close by a rum-shop. He had had liquor offered him and had tasted it. He had occasionally seen his father drink a glass, though he had never seen him drunk. He could not help thinking how much worse off they would be if his father should spend all his money for rum and be cross to his children; and he determined he would make sure of never being a drunkard himself.

After the talk, the minister gave them a song, and sang to them; then sang with them till they knew it. He told them pleasant stories; he gave them

little verses, and another song. He urged them to attend to their studies, and he asked them to join his Sunday-school, and they went away feeling more as if they had been made of good purpose than they had ever felt before.

Of all the young people that heard the minister speak that afternoon not one thought more of his words than Nathan Hobson. He tried to keep himself clean, and to go to the Saturday meetings and the Sunday-school as tidily dressed as he could, and with the help given by Mrs. Kean he did pretty well.

Time went on. Lucy Hobson never changed her way of living. Her husband died, and the boy and girl were put to work in the mill. Mr. Blackstone, the good minister, was called away, and went to live many hundred miles from Millville, and for a long time he knew nothing more of the Hobsons.

At length circumstances recalled Mr. Blackstone to his native State, and to preach in a city not far from the place of his early labors in the ministry. One Sunday, after service, he was accosted by a gentlemanlike man who said, "Mr. Blackstone, I should like to thank you for your kindness to me when I was a poor boy."

"Your memory is better than mine, sir," said the minister, giving his hand, "for I do not recognize you at all."

"My name is Hobson," replied the other, "Nathan Hobson. I lived at Millville, there by the little river next the rumshop kept by Tom Martyn. Do not you recall my mother, Mrs. Lucy Hobson?"

All at once it flashed into the mind of Mr. Blackstone, and he had vividly before him the untidy woman and her wretched surroundings. He could scarcely believe that out of that unclean den had arisen the respectable man with whom he was speaking.

"I do remember you, Mr. Hobson," said he, "you were one of my temperance boys, and in my Sunday-school."

"Yes sir," returned the other, "I owe all to that, with God's blessing. But I ought not to detain you longer. I should be honored by a call from you, and so would my family. They know about you, sir. I should like them to see you. I should like you to see them. We live at 27 B Street."

"I will call with pleasure," heartily returned the minister; "will you be so kind as to call to-morrow evening?"

The time was agreed upon, and the gentlemen parted. Mr. Blackstone going to his lodgings overwhelmed with a sense of what God had wrought through his instrumentality.

On the evening of the next day the minister was politely shown into a pleasant parlor, comfortably, even prettily, furnished, and introduced to an attractive woman and her lady-like daughter, the wife and child of Nathan Hobson.

It was a pleasant occasion. There was evidence of taste, of intelligence and of piety in the household. Observing a piano in the room, Mr. Blackstone, always delighted with music, asked to hear some playing; and the young daughter, immediately complying with his request, played in a simple way, with evident understanding and feeling. It was a gratifying call to Mr. Blackstone, and when, after taking leave of the wife and daughter, Mr. Hobson asked to accompany him to his home, he could not refrain from asking how his young friend had risen to a situation so independent and prosperous.

"It all began, sir," said Mr. Hobson, "with the Saturday afternoon meeting, and the help I had from Mr. and Mrs. Kean. I was hanging about, doing nothing. I was going with other idle boys and learning bad ways; but it gave me a wish to be something when Edward Kean spoke to me to go with him and Mrs. Kean spoke so kindly to me."

"You talked about drinking and its evil consequences, and I told all I could remember at home. I got father to sign the pledge, and mother and Mary signed it as well as myself, and we children went more steadily to school after that. But we began too late to do much, for father died, and we had a hard time of it, Mary and I. We worked in the mill, and mother had our earnings—you remember mother. We were nearly discouraged about ever learning anything, when Mr. Kean opened an evening school for such young people as could not attend by day. Edward Kean walked down one wet evening to tell us, and we went. Mr. Kean asked different people to help him in his classes, but he was the soul of the enterprise. That was a noble man, sir. Others who came in to help were irregular, but he never failed. He followed up that school four evenings in the week, and we went every evening. He set copies for all who would learn to write, and there were young men almost fully grown, learning with the young boys and girls. Such a man is a blessing and an honor to any town. He advised me and Mary about our studies, and helped us to get books. We went to him in our perplexities."

"Were you never tempted to break your temperance pledge?" asked Mr. Blackstone.

"O yes, sir, over and again. But I never broke it. God kept me from that."

"And what has become of Mary?"

"Mary married a decent man, and she lives not ten miles from here. I lived with her at first, for mother died just before. Her husband is a steady fellow, and a good workman. She has a nice family."

"But how came you here, Mr. Hobson?"

"I was offered a good place, and I went to Millville on purpose to ask Mr. Kean's advice, for he had helped me about getting the place I then had. He thought I should do well to accept, and I have succeeded beyond my expectations. I went to school one winter when work was slack and got an insight into mechanics, and since that I have made some improvements in machinery which have proved useful and

have been patented. I am doing as well as I could wish; and I always say that all my prosperity began in that Saturday temperance meeting in the old school-house."

Thus Mr. Hobson's story was ended, and Mr. Blackstone reached the door of his lodgings.

### BABY'S CURL.

I found, to-day, amid some treasured things,  
Kept long with loving care,  
Some faded flowers, love notes and broken rings,  
And, dearest far of all love's offerings,  
This little curl of hair.

The silent, burning tears fell unexpressed,  
For the dear curly head  
My willing fingers have so often caressed,  
Till every childish ring was soothed to rest,  
In number with my dead.

Never again my eager hands shall stray  
Around the clustering hair,  
When the long ago is sweet and clear lay;  
For the dear head is lying far away,  
Beyond my love and care.

Beyond the reach and need of love's caress,  
The precious, curly head  
Can never feel again my warm lips press,  
Or know the soft touch of a mother's kiss,  
I hold this silken thread.

What wonder that the tears fall thick and fast,  
Here in the twilight dim?  
For this, my darling's ringlet, is the last  
And this the last I have of him?  
'Tis all I have of him.

### For Young and Old.

#### Bits of Fun.

.... Jones says that after trying for years to photograph his girl upon his heart, all he got from her in the end was a negative.

.... A fashionable young woman at Vassar was asked by the classical professor the definition of Ambrosia. After some hesitation, she replied, "I think it is a kind of hair oil."

.... An old man was passing the house, Sunday, taking exceedingly short steps. The little ones looked at him for several minutes and then cried out: "Mamma, don't he walk strange?"

.... The difference between a cat and a comma is that the one has the claws at the end of the paws, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

.... "Is this my train?" asked a traveler at the Grand Central depot, of a hanger. "I don't know," was the reply; "see it's got the name of some railroad company on the side, and expect it belongs to them. Have you lost a train anywhere?"

.... "Who was the greatest American poet?" asked the teacher. "George Washington," said the slow boy in the front seat. "He was versed in love, versed in peace, and versed in war." But the professor interrupted him, so that he was the worst he ever heard of, and just then the lightning struck.

.... A traveler visiting a Mexican cathedral was shown by the sacristan, among other marvels, a dirty, opaque, glass phial. After eyeing it some time the traveler said, "Do you call this a relic? Why, it is empty."

"Empty?" retorted the sacristan, indignantly. "Sir, it contains some of the darkness Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

.... The clerk of a parish whose business was to read the "first lesson," the second, the chapter in Daniel in which the names Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego occur, this time pronounced the names of the three boys who made up the chapter referring to them as "the afore-said gentlemen."

.... A train despatcher in Baltimore the other day read the "first lesson," the second, the chapter in Daniel in which the names Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego occur, this time pronounced the names of the three boys who made up the chapter referring to them as "the afore-said gentlemen."

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